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VOL. 1. NO. 19.

VANITY FAIR

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

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IMPROVED
BILLIARD TABLES,
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers, 63 to 69 Crosby-st, N. Y.

VANITY FAIR.
The interest of FRANK J. THOMPSON in this paper ceases from this date.
All persons having claims against him, as publisher of VANITY FAIR, will please present them for settlement at the office, 113 Nassau-street, to
LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Apr. 23d. Publisher for the Proprietors.

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A. WING'S CELEBRATED FARINA CRACKERS.

SOLD BY ALL THE BEST

FAMILY GROCERIES IN NEW YORK.

SAM COWELL.

AIR: *Lord Lovel.*

Mr. Sam Cowell's a right fnnny man,
And a right funny man is he.

[VERY OLD SONG.

And, what's more, everybody worth mentioning nows it. So that all those who have sense enough to ugh should not fail to attend his

COMIC MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

hich he is now giving, in turn, in the principal cities f the West and South. Go and see him, Everybody, hen he comes along, and take your wife and children ith you.

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Baltimore, Md.

☞ *Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.*

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VANITY FAIR

May be obtained of the Newsdealers at any time, as the paper is Electrotyped.

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any ouse the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. e've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

SULLIVAN AND HYATT,
Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York.

WHARTON'S CELEBRATED

CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY J. R. S.

IT IS DISTILLED FROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT, and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxous. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded to the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
No. 16 BOYLSTON STREET.

For Sale to Suit Purchasers.

John R. Surbrug, Sole Agent. No. 81 Cedar Street, New-York.

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THE UNDERSIGNED having a good assortment of type, is ready to contract for

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and to receive orders for the printing of

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No. 113 Nassau-street.

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column

JUST WHAT WE EXPECTED.

F-RN-DO W—D (*Just come back to town*).—BOY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS?

HOW IS THIS?

If there was any one thing upon which we congratulated ourselves at the opening of the Democratic Convention at Charleston, it was upon the counter attraction of the great fight. As conservators of public morals we felt that for once the prominent element of the Convention, of other years, had departed out of the land, and that peace with brooding wings would settle upon the heterogeneous masses there assembled, and their orators would "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." We had no direct advices that Pryor would be there. We were positively assured that Uncle Robert H. would remain in Washington to keep an eye on Black and the Covode Committee; and all things considered we did not believe that Charleston, at this bout, would turn up a solitary fighting-man but such as were fighting for the spoils. This happy state of feeling is gone. There is still a Heenan at the Conventron, a Sayers at the Palmetto city. Read:

There have been three fights within twenty-four hours Two of the Ohio delegates threw plates at each other at the Mills House, and one drew a pistol while the other clinched. Colonel Craig, of Missouri, and a newspaper reporter also had a rough and tumble fight at the Mills House, and Captain Levy and Mr. White have also had a fight in a bar-room.

Angry words and fierce looks are seen or heard every where to-day.

"Threw plates" is good. May we ask if plate-throwing is included in "Five Dollars per day, in advance," or whether "rough and tumble" fighting is a necessary accomplishment for a newspaper reporter?

Come home; Billy Mulligan! Return, O Dad Cunningham, to our anxious hearts. We have heretofore slandered you and repent. Come home and keep the peace among these brawling delegates.

"Orful!"

Our Japanese contributor last week, seemed to think there was something peculiar in the Envoys asking for a bath immediately on landing at San Francisco. We consider it perfectly natural that men should long for re-immersion in fresh water, who had been born and passed their lives in a *jet-d' eau*, (Jeddo.)

A Parodox of the P. R.

Pugilists fight in a "ring," and each of the combatants has his "corner." How is this? Has it been reserved for the P. R. to solve the problem of squaring the circle?

RIDICULUS MUS.

"A few evenings since a lady in Lexington, Michigan, was playing upon a melodeon when a mouse emerged from a corner of the room, ran up tremblingly to the instrument, then ascended the dress of the performer into her lap, and finally nestled under her basque. The little animal was in such a high state of ecstacy that it was utterly powerless, and had the performer continued longer it would probably have expired."

Later advices from Lexington convey the melancholy intelligence that on the evening after this incident occured, the lady again played on the melodeon. The little animal, although there were a number of ladies and gentlemen present, emerged from a cupboard where there was some cheese, and took a seat by the side of the accomplished performer, the daughter of one of our most respectable citizens. During the whole of the first piece ("The Rat Catcher's Daughter,") it remained perfectly motionless, with folded hands and wrapt countenance, occasionally heaving a deep sigh. As the last strain of the touching melody died away, tears stood in its eyes, and its bosom, half disclosed, rose and fell tumultuously. It was evidently laboring under strong emotion.

Refreshments were shortly introduced, and all the guests partook of them. The little animal, however, could not be induced to try anything, except a haunch of vension, which it ate wearily and without much relish. Brushing aside a tear with its tail, it signified a desire for more melodeon.

In a breathless silence the lady began that universal favorite "Three Blind Mice." As the grand harmony of the immortal air vibrated right out in the atmosphere, a feeble moan was heard, and the company was alarmed to see a deathly pallor over-spreading the rigid features of the little animal. The lady let her instrument drop, and rushing to a window cried "Watch!" With more presence of mind, one of the guests supported the swooning form of the poor creature to a darkened chamber in the third story, where, in a few moments, and before the aid of a physician could be procured, the mouse expired, exclaiming, with its last breath, Sic Transit Gloria Mundi. Upon the monument which will perpetuate its memory these words will be inscribed: "The little animal leaves a wide circle of sorrowing friends, among whom its property will be impartially distributed."

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

In Four Eyes—Eye the First.

Of late it has become the fashion to treat subjects æsthetically. We read of the æsthetics of music, the æsthetics of painting, sculpture; the æsthetics of poetry, history, typography, diplomacy, government, religion, medicine; the æsthetics of spiritualism, magnetism, and all other isms, including cannibalism, for aught I know. In short the world seems to circumgyrate at present, in an universal æsthetic mist.

"What are æsthetics?" Lord love you, Madam! that, in the words of the immortal Toots—"isn't of the slightest consequence!" Do you suppose all those people know any more than you and I what æsthetics are? Not in the least. They have something—more or less, generally the latter—to say about Music, Religion, &c., &c. They know æsthetics to be the "Open sesame" of the literary or artistic portals. Naturally then, they write (just as I have done, you see, Madam) Æsthetics of &c., &c.. at the top of their something—and "go-ahead;" saying their say, for all the world as if they had headed their MSS. with the three hieroglyphs on the Tea-boxes, or the inscription on the Cleopatric Needle.

Buttons, therefore, Madam, are my æsthetic text. I divide Buttons—æsthetically—into three great classes. 1st, Shirt-buttons: 2d, Glove-buttons: 3d, All other buttons. The latter is the most numerous class, and I therefore reserve it till the last.

The Shirt-button has various sub divisions, resting upon peculiarities of location and habit;—Ah! I omitted to mention that all the buttons here treated of—æsthetically—are strictly Bachelors'-buttons.—The first subdivision of the Shirt-button is the Political-party button. I have given this nomenclature to the button that manifests a constant tendency to "split," on the slightest provocation. If I were a zealous partizan, I might perhaps have added the title of a particular party to this fractious button. But I am not. Let Democracy, therefore, remain calm! My advice with respect to this button, will consequently, be wholly—æsthetic. It is this: cut it off! Entirely! Do not be satisfied to cast away one-half. Neither is of any value without the other. And both are utterly worthless the moment the unity of the button is destroyed. It is an unsound button, and will never preserve the Union—of the shirt! Throw all splits aside then!

The second subdivision of the Shirt-button, is the Policeman's button. It owes its name to its idiosynocracy of being invariably missing when it is wanted. I do not think that climate has very much to do with this button's eccentricity, though I have noticed it more especially in Philadelphia. This may, however, be owing to my long residence in that part of New York. The most efficacious remedy for this deserting button, is to change its location; lock it securely in some dark, empty place; and replace it with another of a totally different style. Or, if it seems to have wandered beyond redemption, determine not to recognize it in the least, under any circumstances, should it ever turn up again.

The third subdivision of the Shirt-button, is the Office-holder's button. I have also, at times, termed it the Congressional button; the Political Candidate's button, and the New York Herald's button. Its distinguishing traits are constant looseness of principle, (its principle ought to be—you will confess, Madam—to keep faithfully in its button-hole), its proclivity to wriggle, and squirm out of its proper position, (in the button-hole, Madam), and the absolute violence required to force it to commit itself fairly and openly to its public duty (always of keeping to its appropriate button-hole.)

The course I should advise pursued with this faithless and profligate button, is, to oust it from its position, sew up the button-hole, and employ a pin, or other fastening in its place. Unless, indeed, the button-hole be indispensable. Then, I would counsél a rigid economy of the button-hole's privileges, (as to size, Madam) and the installation of a button with a nobler head, (I mean one of greater circumference).

In my next, I shall continue my treatise on the subsequent—æsthetic—subdivisions of the various Buttons, till which period I remain, Madam, your very humble servant,

The Author.

JONATHAN ON THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

I ain't no fitin' man, myself-t;
I can't afford to resk my picter;
Ruther than make it any wuss
I'd lose the chance o' bein' victor.

An' then it hurts so w'en you're hit!—
An' hang the everlastin' trainin'!
An' paöundin' them air bags all day,
An' keepin' up a gineral strainin'!

Then there's the chance o' gittin' licked,
Or mebbe killed, afore you know it'!
An' all the crowd a laughin' teöo
Or cussin' ye!—No, *sir*!—can't go it!

'Sides that, it ain't a Yankee's *way*
To strip hisself, an' go in, "smilin',"
To fight a man that ain't his foe
Jest like as ef his blood wooz bilin'!

He puts hisself to better use.
He ain't ashamed to show his muscle;
But ketch him "trav'lin' on it," much
'Cept w'en he's in a *real* tussle!

But then a common man can't *help*
A-gittin' more or less excited,
W'en readin' 'baöut a big Prize-Fight,
An' feelin' more or less delighted.

W'en *his* man gits a leetle ahead
An' fetches t'other feller's claret!—
An' w'en his man's a leetle behind,
It's nuts to see him grin and bear it!

In spite o' all the blood an' dirt—
An' all the beastly folks that love it—
W'en ten or twenty raöunds are fit
A feller *can't* keep clear above it!

An' w'en the fight's on furrin' sile,
An' one o' the Boys sings "Yankee Doodle,"
Ef people craöwd araöund, an' preach,
He elbows off the hull ca' boodle!

He says, "Let *aour* chap hev fair play!
Prize-fightin' p'raps ain't stric'ly legal,
But naöw they're at it, stan' araöun'!
We're fren's o' the American Eagle!"

An' w'en the Eagle's 'baöut to win,
Ag'in' the wishes o' the raöwdies,
Ef ropes air cut, an' all rush in,
By lightnin'! put him where the crowd is!

Ef Morrisy *did* cut them ropes
To keep John Heenan aöut o' beatin,'
He'd better not come back too quick
For fear he won't git civil greetin'.

I think the Englishmen air smart,
Daöwn even to a plucky "fighter;"
An' some may like to give 'em sass,
I ain't a bully or backbiter.

I *will* say, though, ef England's brave,
Columbia's a leetle braver;
For England tries it, now an' then.
An' all her spunk don't seem to save her.

The fight hain't settled much, I know;
But none o' *us* feel bad abaöut it:
We know the "Boy" come aöut first best,
An' not an Englishman 'll daöut it.

THE BRIDGET OF SIZE.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!"

Metallurgical

The Louisville *Journal* talks to the Louisville *Democrat* in this cordial and appreciative style:

"Neighbor, you are unreasonable. Indeed you are. You are more than unreasonable. Under all the extraordinary circumstances of the case, you are brazen-faced."

Not to speak of the paltry imitation here of a style which the New York *Tribune* long since made its own, we are anxious to know whether the Editor of the *Democrat* is a Copperhead Indian? We know they have those things out West.

A Dowling in Cuba.

The *Tribune* says:

"The Plaza del Toros,' at Havana, was the scene of a novel entertainment, on Sunday, the 15th—a fight between a tiger and three blood hounds. One of the dogs was instantly killed at the commencement of the battle, and the other two disabled. Yet the umpire decided that the tiger was beaten."

What excellent friends that Havanese umpire and the great Dowling ought to be!

Yes, Rather Neat.

Our Sentimental Contributor, who is partial to Blonds, recently remarked that he could never sufficiently admire Locks of Gold.

"Ah," said our Charleston Correspondent, from the back office (where he writes all his letters) "that may be, but I greatly prefer the Bolt of Wood!"

It was considered rather a neat thing.

Can It Be?

Do the Republican youth of the Fifteenth Ward call their club the "Rocky Mountain" because they are celebrated for their Fastnesses.

ALTOGETHER SUPERFLUOUS.

We find the following extraordinary proposition in an exchange:

A correspondent asks why does not some chemist of world-wide reputation prepare and sell to the public *litmus* paper, through the agency of reliable apothecaries so that a man can carry with him in his pocket-book strips with which to test every bottle of liquor he buys, and indeed every glass he drinks. Intemperance is a very fearful crime, but it will not be prevented by any tracts that can be written, and yet few men are so indifferent to life that they will not avail themselves of the opportunity to carry about with them the means of detecting death in the cups.

This is, perhaps, one of the most ingenious dodges ever attempted by the Total Abstinence people, who, we feel sure, are at the bottom of it. If every man who found his litmus paper change color, on being immersed in a glass of liquor, refused to drink it on that account, the reign of intemperance would be indeed over. But, unfortunately, after the beverage had been tested and found wanting, it would by no means follow that it should not be drank. Does anybody hesitate to drink a smash, a punch, a cobbler, or a sangaree, because he feels sure enough to make big bets that it contains prussic acid, strychnine, or fusel oil, if not all three? Never! A wise man, taking his genial tod, accepts, as a foregone conclusion, the belief that it is poisonous, and swallows it deliberately, happy in the knowledge that it is no worse than all the rest, and would never have killed anybody at all, probably, had it not been for one ingredient—the most dangerous of any—not to be detected by litmus paper, and generally quite overlooked by the anti-poison philosophers. We allude to Alcohol.

Two-edged Joke.

That funny Peoria man says the Japanese envoys must be immensely social and given to 'larks,' as they each have two 'gay blades' constantly at their side. He adds, in the Peoria *patois*, that he Sword 'em with his own eyes.

The Ring of the true Yankee Mettle.

The P. R.

A Consummation most Devoutly, etc.

The Eufala, (Alabama,) *Spirit*, gives a detailed account of a negro pilot on the Chattahoochee river, whose skin, by some process of nature, is turning white. It says:

"His neck and arms, as far down as his fingers, are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body beginning to show the same radical, wonderful change."

How superior is nature to the politician! This we feel assured, is the plan by which the great dame intends to solve the problem of the darkey; like all her other works, based upon the principle of first trying how the thing will do. Should this Alabama darkey be a successful experiment, there can be no doubt that a wholesale turning of the inevitable nigger will take place, and then, where will Greeley be?

British Fair Play.

The English Fancy have always boasted—and often in a very offensive manner, that Fair Play was the gem of Old England. When our Boy was about to thrash their Champion, however, these Lovers of the Manly Sport got up what is vulgarly known as a Plug Muss, and wrested the Champion's Belt from the rightful winner. This was rather lively Play, but the only Fair it is appropriate to is Donnybrook Fair, with a good deal more of Donnybrook than Fair; and this is the opinion of VANITY FAIR.

Plural, and not Singular.

The Benicia Boy ought not to be surprised at the result of his fight with Sayers. The stakes being Two Hundred Pounds, how could they be Won?

Necessary before getting up the Seceders' Resolution at Charleston.

Numberless Draughts.

SET A T—— TO CATCH A T——.

R. Dion L. Boucicault is again doing battle for the drama. D. B's adaptation of Mr. Dibdin's dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Heart of Mid Lothian has been shamefully outraged by Miss Jean Davenport who has dared to produce a play of her own on the same subject. D. B. is at once indignant and pathetic. He had hoped that his dramatic rights would have been respected. That his "Sixtus the Fifth" of Casimir Delavigne, and Mr. Bridgeman, christened by him "The Pope of Rome;" that his "Pauvrette," which had been previously plagiarised by a French brigand under the title of "*La Bèrgere des Alpes;*" his "Cat changed into a Woman" which the people at the French Theatre were audacious enough to play as *La chatte metamorphosée en femme*, to which a fellow named Scribe had his name attached; his "Invisible Husband," which the last named audacious scoundrel claims also, in short, D. B. hoped that all these original dramatic labors would have remained in his exclusive possession down to the last, and not least, "Colleen Bawn" founded on Gerald Griffin's novel. The ground taken by Dion is at least novel and certainly grand from its audacity. "I do not plagiarise" said Alexander Dumas "I conquer." Dion is a very Alexander of conquest; a Cæsar of annexation. His claims on Miss Davenport are maintained with a style of reasoning worthy of a Knight of the Road. Dick Turpin meets an elderly citizen on Hounslow Heath and relieves him of his gold watch. After this feat has been accomplished he is riding peaceably and complacently along, when he encounters Claude du Val, a brother professional. Claude "conquers" the watch from Dick, and Dick pathetically and indignantly appeals to the world to have his horological rights respected. V. F. knows how it would have respected them if it had been the Rhadamanthus of the day. There existed then a pleasant and aerial site known as Tyburn, and V. F. thinks, it would have given both of them a prospect of the surrounding country from that place. There is no chance of such a fate overtaking D. B. and I. D., and these distinguished persons will simply have the justice of their proceedings measured by some dilatory process known as common Law. We presume that they both are ready to exclaim Law us deo!

What the American Eagle gives Brittannia in the P. R. He-licks-her, (Elixer.)

OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The letter which follows came directed upon the envelope to the "Editors of VANITY FAIR," but as the heading reads to the "Editors of the New York *Tribune*," we are fearful there has been some mistake made. Should the editors of that paper upon reading it, identify the missive as their own, we can only say to them, Take it and welcome.

Editors of New York Tribune.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-SUFFERERS IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.—I reached this place last night, after a perilous journey of five days through mobs of infuriated slaveholders. Those beings who wear the human form, and grow fat upon the blood of the poor down-trodden negro, put forth their most demoniac wiles to prevent me penetrating to the strongholds of their ghastly traffic. At Richmond I was tarred, feathered and dragged through Main-street for half a day, with a shrieking mob of sixteen thousand people about me. In Charleston, I was twice scalped, confined in the calaboose, whipped in the square, and ridden through Meeting-street on a rail. At Savannah, on the day of my arrival, all business was suspended and the fiends made a general jubilee. I was gagged, gouged, three times hanged, dragged with a rope about my neck through the principal streets, and finally thrown from the Bluff. Notwithstanding all this, I have gone steadily on my way, picturing to the millions of my black bretheren now groaning in the chains that have eaten into their flesh since childhood, and driven in their bloody tracks by the remorseless whip of the overseer, the happy state of the northern negro who can revel in the palaces of Church-street, Thomas-street and West Broadway. I have shown this down-trodden race how much better it would be for them to be swelling the ranks of their free brethren of the North, even though they might sometimes want food and shelter, than to be revelling in plenty on their plantations with a white man for a master. I have painted in the most glowing colors the millenium of their people at the City of Boston, where, as every body knows, they are held superior to the white, and accorded the place of honor on all public and private occasions. All these things have I told them, and more, and yet I fear much that my teachings have but small effect on the benighted intellects with which I have to deal. In fact, I may say, without prevarication, that these Southern Negroes are harder to awaken to the terrors of their position, than are Northern sinners, and that almost without exception they have given me up to the wrath of their enslavers, seeming to take great delight in the martyrdom of him whom in their terrible ignorance they term "a bobilitionist."

Shall these things continue to be, O philanthropists and freemen of the North? Shall we suffer our black brethren to waste their lives in supineness and quiet, eating their hog and hominy from day to day, grinning and dancing away existences that might be spent in freedom? Shall we be deterred from forcing it upon them even though it carries with it the trifling drawbacks of starvation and cold, poverty, disease and death? No! Forbid it ye liberators!

In conclusion, friends and fellow-workers, allow me to say, that travelling through this benighted country is attended with great exposure. Those whose sympathies and pockets are overrunning in the cause of freedom will understand this appeal. My post-office address is, Atlanta Georgia, care of the Editor of the Southern Confederacy, a paper I can heartily recommend to our friends at the North.

Yours in the cause,

SEPTIMUS SWIDDLES.

Evil Communications Corrupt, etc.

The demoralization of the age is increasing. The example set by the Senators and Representatives, during the present session of Congress has corrupted the whole world. Even in England, so long celebrated for Fair Play and No Favor, the ruffianly spirit has become the leading one, and the Prize Ring itself has been dishonored by an exhibition of brutal unfairness such as has hardly been excelled in our House of Representatives. Neither Pryor, nor Lovejoy, nor Barksdale, nor Ashmore, nor any of the rest of that honey-tongued and creamy-tempered crew have far exceeded their transatlantic imitators and "British Sport" will soon become, no doubt, as disgraceful a title as "American Congressman."

In view of such a dreadful prospect, we suggest that an International Convention be called, and some steps be taken to prevent our legistators, from further corrupting, by their example, the pugilists of England. If the cowardly and brutal scenes of the Heenan-Sayers fight and the Lovejoy-Abolition debate are again enacted, England and America, the two great Saxon countries, will come to shame.

The only thing not drawn by Leslie's Artists.
The first Blood.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The American Cent.

HIS animal, as its name denotes, is common to this country. It is migratory in its habits and belongs to the *genus* Rhino, *Species* Copper or Nickel. It possesses a female Head, a Tail, and generally has wings. It is very useful in company with others of the same species, though of little intrinsic value in itself. Little boys make a pet of every stray one they chance upon; most men, too are very fond of the little creatures. Through their aid many a lasting fortune has been made, many an art or science advanced, many a public work begun and finished—No! not finished! Who ever heard of a public work being completed? Look at the Washington and Worth Monuments, the Battery Enlargement and so forth. Widows and Orphans welcome them with tearful eyes, as a means for ekeing out a scanty subsistence; ragged crossing sweepers brave all storms in hopes of securing a few for their poor mothers and decrepid fathers; Sunday School children save them for a time and then give them to some good Brother Kroko Dile Tears for the naughty little heathen in Africa; public school boys swap them for peg tops, marbles, round-hearts and bolivars; puny young girls for candies and chewing gum.

Almost all cents are natives of Philadelphia, though a few are hatched in Connecticut. They are wholly unknown in New-Jersey. They swarm chiefly around Ferry-Houses, News-Depots, Omnibusses and Cars and Church plates. Rich men affect to despise them, but in reality do not; on the contrary, many a wealthy lawyer or merchant will risk his health and salvation in order to obtain a paltry half-dozen which he does not need.

When taken proper care of and rightly used, the American Cent benefits the individual owner; sometimes, however, it helps to bring ruin on innocent families; for there is a class of persons who buy cents for glasses of gin and rum, and the latter are often sources of misery to those who barter away for them these little Pennies (as they are sometimes called). Cents are known by several titles besides the foregoing, such as "Tin," "Nicks," "Nails," "Brads," "Buzzards," "Spondulicks," "Soap" and "Red Angels."

Some persons think that much of the crime and misery in our midst may be traced to an inordinate fondness for securing Cents, and it cannot be denied that robberies and even murders are committed solely for obtaining a very insignificant number of them.

But then on the other hand life is saved by them—the murderer, if he can offer a good stock of them to his counsel, is pretty sure of an acquittal on the plea of insanity; and it does seem very probable that the man is insane who would kill another for the sake of such small matters as Cents.

Jews have a fashion of punching holes through all that pass through their hands.

Cents live a great deal longer than any other animal known to mankind; as they grow older they are more highly valued.

It may be interesting to observe that the progenitors of every Cent are mere myths, vulgarly supposed to be Ten Mills. Nobody ever saw a single Mill in his life. Cents themselves make money. So the Arithmetic says, thus: 25 will easily make a Quarter, 100 a Dollar, and so on in proportion.

The Consequence of Resignation on the part of City Officials.

Resignation on the part of the Public.

The Mill for Yankee Grit.

The Mill of Heenan and Sayers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Vanity Fair.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Having heard that you are trying to publish a Comic Journal, and having been in the habit of being funny myself, I take especial pleasure in calling your attention to my "PATENT "BLANK EDITORIALS," which have received the kind patronage of all our leading papers, except your own. These admirable inventions are printed in large, clear type, on fine letter paper, and are intended to save expense of authorship, ink, and time. Their grammar and spelling are warranted. I have the honor to submit the following testimonials:—

"Having found your 'Patent Blanks for Political Editorials,' of great service during the last irrepres. conf., I gladly certify to their great merit. Please send me another package of your 'Indignant 'Rebuke of another Squabble in Congress,' and oblige

Yours Respectfully, HORACE GREWLEY."

"Having used Mr. Smith Wilson's Patent Blanks for 'Death-bed Anecdotes, or the Christian's Last Words," we cordially recommend them to the Religious Press."—*Baptist Millenium.*

"Truly pious."—*Hour of Justification.*

"Unexceptionably orthodox."—*Trumpet of Predestination.*

"His Hicksite Blank Statistics are reliable."—*Drabtown Blower.*

My "Companion to Holloways's Ointment, or the Editor's Relief," has met with unexampled success. It consists of Blank Notices to Correspondents, and is used by the New York *Ledger*. My "Blank "Obituaries," adapted to to the dead of both sexes, have made a great hit.

It was your subscriber who had the honor of inventing the following Blank Letter, well known to the literary world, and of which you doubtless possess some copies:—

Boston, 18—.

DEAR :—Your manuscript entitled sent us for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is respectfully declined, and is now subject to your order.

Truly Your Ob't Ser'ts,

TICKNOR & FIELDS.

You will now appreciate the immense advantage to a Comic Editor of my "Wit and Humor Blank Squibs," adapted to all forms of the *bon mot*, pun, squirt or sally. You just put in the joke, when you get it, and the article is finished. I am prepared to furnish copies of the following well known Blank, at $1 per hundred:

"DYING ANECDOTE OF .—When was on his death-bed, surrounded by weeping friends, a servant coming in the room by mistake . The scene which ensued baffles description. The horrified spectators shrank back aghast. Ah! ! said , smiling benignly,—?—"

You will observe with what facility you can introduce your joke, with a few graphic touches of the pen.

"DYING ANECDOTE OF HOOD LISTON.—When Hood Liston was on his death-bed surrounded by weeping friends, a servant coming in the room cried out in great excitement your child fell down the to give him his medicine by mistake gave him a spoonful of well—The scene which ensued baffles description. The horrified ink. spectators shrank back aghast. Ah! luckless child unhappy man said Hood, Liston and did he kick the bucket ?—" shall I swallow some blotting paper

You will oblige me by using the enclosed package of Blanks for Plain Conundrums.

.—Why is a like ? Because it is a ! Ha! Ha!

Use them in this way:—

FIFTY CENT JOKE.—Why is a sprightly *joke* like Shylock? Because it is a *Jew desprit!** Ha! Ha!

Hoping for your kind approval: I am Respectfully,

Your Ob't Serv't,

SMITH WILSON.

To know which from t'other.

Another "Live-oak" man having turned up in the Charleston Convention (L. O. Smith), we propose, in order to distinguish 'our George,' and in memory of his skilful application of 'soap' to the Albany Honorables, to designate him, in future, as SCRUB-OAK GEORGE.

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*Desperate.

THE RECEPTION AT HOME.

OLD BOY.—*(With assumed severity,)* WENT TO FIGHT THE BRITISH LION, DID YOU? ARE'NT YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL? DO YOU WANT TO BRING YOUR FATHER'S GRAY HAIRS DOWN IN SORROW TO THE GRAVE?

YOUNG "FELLAH."—'S NO USE O' LOOKING' BAD ABOUT IT, DAD, I'VE LICKED THAT ANIMAL ONCE, AND I KIN LICK 'IM AGAIN?

THE BRITISH REFEREE.

A Lay of the P. R.

More or less Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. F. Dowling, of "BELL'S LIFE."

AIR: *The British Grenadier.*

JACK HEENAN crossed to t'other side
The Championship to win,
With heart brimfull of hope and pride
He fought through thick and thin:
He gained the battle fair and square,
But swindled then was he
By the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,
Of the British Referee!

The BOY was game to win the fight
As sure as eggs are eggs,
Though blood and dirt obscured his sight,
Firm stood he on his pegs;
But just as he was conquering
The prize and belt lost he,
By the trick, the trick, the trick, tr'ck, trick,
Of the British Referee!

'T was MORRISSEY who cut the rope—
The crowd came pressing round,
But still the motto gave JACK hope—
"Fair Play on British Ground!"
Alas, he was mistaken quite,
He did not look to see
Such a trick, a trick, a trick, trick, trick,
From a British Referee!

This British Referee had bet
Large sums upon the fight;
To see JACK HEENAN whip his pet
Had been a sorry sight;
So off he ran, when Time was called,
The end he would not see,
And this was the trick, the trick, trick, trick,
Of the British Referee!

Next day he said the fight was drawn—
That neither man had won,
Though sound were HEENAN'S bone and brawn
As when the fight begun;
So SAYERS still holds the Championship;
Disgusted JACK must be
With the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,
Of the British Referee!

And now the Referee declares
The ropes were cut in two,
Not by the men who went for SAYERS,
But by the Yankee crew!
His little dodge is plain enough—
He means JOHN MORRISSEY—
Another trick, a trick, trick, trick,
Of the British Referee!

Then let us plainly say our say:
We see that by this fight
The British brag about Fair Play
Has been exploded quite;
The meanest thing we yet have seen,
Or ever wish to see,
Is the trick, the trick, the trick, trick, trick,
Of the British Referee!

Something new under the Sun.

We have, somehow, been used to consider the word 'cob' to have some reference to a short-tailed horse; but, after meeting with five successive copies of the "*New York Ledger*," a conviction has, in a manner, been forced upon us, that 'Cobb' is a long-taled donkey. How is this?

Initiatory.

Since the Heenan-Sayers battle, it is decided that the letters P. R. shall hereafter stand, not for Prize Ring, but for Pitiable Referee.

SHAKSPEARE FOR J. B.

[*Enter Julius Cæsar Buchanan; a great crowd following, among them the Soothsayer Forney.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.—Who is it in the Press that calls on me? * * * Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER.—Beware the ides of March!

OUR APPOINTMENT.

Y the resignation of Deacon Pilsbury, the remaining commissioners have been fearfully exercised, and all about the appointment of a substitute. Of the cause that militated to the backing out of that high-priced individual Amos Pilsbury, we are not made publicly acquainted. Whether "the few friends" who made up the odd seven thousand of that salary, have declined to come to the scratch, or whether the outside pressure was too great upon this Machiavelli in uniform, remains still a mystery. As sorry as we are to lose our ten-thousand-dollar-man, yet we cannot see that his loss or that of either of the other commissioners mattereth one cent. Have we not a Governor among us? Has not our worthy state father not only given us a new police law, but has he not deserted the flesh pots of Albany to come into this Sodom and administer it? Blessed be the name of Morgan, and may no kidnappers like those who took away his namesake of Masonic memory, take our Governor from the Police Board. We therefore propose since Governor Morgan takes so deep and abiding an interest in its concerns, that he be immediately made Superintendent of Police, or at least Captain of a District. What need have we of Commissioners? They are a nonentity when the great man is by. Let the "few friends" subscribe that little amount for the Governor, and let us, since we are obliged to be saddled with one useless office and officer, have it by creating a vacancy in the other.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF TIPPLING.

If we have, at times, indulged in the gentle jest at the expense of the most cleanly, regular, virtuous, quiet and healthy of villages, if even when visiting it we have declined to ascend to the top of its Girard College from fearing that the marmoreal brightness of its roof might dazzle us; if we have looked with but mixed respect at Fairmount, because of unpleasant memories of the dirty water forced upon us through its unfiltered agency; if we have failed to grow patriotic in Independence Hall after having entered it from the Old Square, through a passage, flanked by tables groaning under generous gingerbread and reeking with the fumes of oyster-soup, we are still not unwilling to estimate our neighbor at its proper value. It is our daily prayer, that the tongue may cleave to the roof of the mouth in which its spring butter would not melt, and that he may never be numbered among Coleridge's "angelic poultry," in the realm of bliss, who respects not its reed-bird.

Right well, too, do we know that the tempting and titillating terrapin is to be had there in a perfection which is equalled by few, and excelled by none but those who grow near a certain vineyard in Maryland, and by nightly feeding upon its grapes, imbibe so much of their juices, that no wine is needed in the cooking of them.

On these accounts, Philadelphia is a place near to our heart, but we had always thought that, in the way of drinks, at least, it could not equal the metropolis in which VANITY FAIR is printed. Great then was our astonishment, upon receiving a list of "Mixed Drinks "at the Bar of Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia." These, it should be premised, are "prepared" (it is he that has failed to mind his I) only by C. W. Geekie. By an arithmetical computation known only to ourselves, we have found the number of these drinks to be sixty-four. Three long parallel columns stretch out from the top of the page and pursue the tenor of their way (its evenness is disturbed by parenthetical comments, such as "old and dry," "very pale," "very sweet") till they are brought up by one long line, running across the whole width of the paper—"MAINE LIQUOR LAW COBBLER, (very fine and sweet.)"

Entering upon a strict examination, we find that the initial drink is entitled "Spiritual Consolation." This is obviously put first, because it is meant to be taken the first thing in the morning when, from the effect of too much study, one's conscience (or head) is apt to be uneasy. "The Ladies Blush" which comes next seems intended as a sly compliment to the fair sex, as from Shakspeare's descriptions there was a great similarity between the color of Pistol's nose, and of the blush alluded to.

"The Senator" is more objectionable as it seems likely that it would make even gentlemen act like Congressmen.

"Legal Lush, S. H. P." may have given the lawyers of P. their proverbial proneness to being "puzzled." "The Island of Cuba" is said to be "for ladies." We trust that they are not addicted to the use of "Jamaica." Other concoctions ars equally as suggestive but to the quick wits of the intelligent readers of V. F., we leave it to evolve the moral contained in "Hen Fruit Cobbler," "Mount Aetna," "Old Sod Cocktail Lime Punch" (referred to by Falstaff, where he speaks of lime in the sack) "Stone Fence," "Rum Croak," "Take Her Off," "Cow Fruit," (a plagiarism from the "Cow Juice" of our Cousin) and "Twelve o'clock, M." We can assure our clerical and female readers, however, upon good authority, that it is not considered necessary to drink clear through the list, and that experienced tipplers, while letting Mr. Geekie mix their drinks, never do it themselves. We should add also that Mr. G. sympathizes heartily with Mr. Gough and other Temperance lecturers, but believes that by carrying his Art to a high pitch, he will accomplish quite as much good as if he were to take the rostrum. Certainly if Cleopatra were the leader of fashion, Society would become very abstinent, unless the oysters could be induced to allow some of our physicians to prescribe for them, and there may be truth, therefore, in his theory. At all events he is such a great inventor and artist, that he should not be confined to the provinces, and while we are willing to speak reverentially of the town that is irradiated by his presence, we are very sure that he will soon come to New York.

Another Declination.

To the Hon. Caleb Cushing, President of the National Democratic Nominating Convention, Charleston S. C.—and my fellow citizens composing that body.

GENTLEMEN: – Viewing as I do, from the scene of my daily avocations, with anxious eyes, the failure of your honorable body to organize and proceed to the grand object of your gathering, I cannot, even at the sacrifice of my principles, forbear removing a barrier that my natural perception leads me to believe, stands in your way.

Although I am entirely conscious that I alone am the only one whom the united suffrages of the great Democratic party can be concentrated, still I am determined that my name shall not stand in the way. It is impossible for me to say whether the voice of this state has been truly expressed, but I only know that it has not been expressed for me, and without that expression I cannot allow my name to go before the convention. I therefore beg of you to become a unit, and settle upon the next best man, that the Star Spangled banner may once more wave triumphant over our victorious ranks, after which, if you can see my patriotism in its proper light, I shall not refuse a seat in the Cabinet or the Mission to London. Failing either of these, a berth in the Custom House would not be despised. You are at liberty to publish this to the world.

THE FOUR CENT MAN.

Apropos de "Marmion."

Lieut. Gen. Scott, in his Poem of "Marmion," causes one of his heroes to cry: "The hand of Douglas is his own!" This demonstrates a curious anatomical fact, and is a daring bardic flight besides. What sublime boldness and originality in the assertion that the flipper of the great chieftain is absolutely his—the chieftain's—exclusive property! And this reminds us, that the "'hand' of Douglas" is about "played out" in the Presidential Game of Goose.

Further on, the Poet speaks of "The Douglas in his Hall." Whether this may refer to the hall of the White House, or the Hall of Congress, we are not prepared to affirm. But we think that the 'haul' of Douglas will prove an exceedingly "small haul."

There is one more point of "Marmion" upon which we feel misty. It is this: Douglas exclaims:—"What, warder, ho!" Now we are completely in the dark, we confess, as to who Watt Warder was, or what he was to hoe: but we think we are justified in saying, that, if the 'Warder' in question be a custodian of the political prospects of the Douglas for the approaching campaign, what he will be oblidged to hoe, will turn out to be a very "hard row" indeed! Selah!

The New Style of Spring Coat.

Cuffs *à la* Heenan, choler *à la* Sayers, one sided tales *à la* Bell's Life, and turned out pockets *à la* Morrissey.

The English Style of Roping in.

Breaking through the ropes to defeat our Champion.

THE DREADFUL FIRST OF MAY.

To the Editor of the Vanity Fair :—

My Dear Old Fellow :—Pardon my emotion. Forgive me that gush. It is the nature of that much enduring institution the human heart that it craves sympathy. Ask the author of "Body and Soul," who once wrote stanzas about it! "Am I not a man and a brother?"

You are sympathetic. I know you are. I shouldn't wonder if you were 'a sublime soul.' To me you are a beautiful and reverend person, with long gray locks and the snowy beard of the patriarch—like that magnetic clergyman described by Goldsmith, whom

> "Children followed with endearing wile,
> And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

I picture you with a train of infants plucking at your serge and tassels, In the background is a square church tower, an oak, a bit of green sward and a lot of grave-stones—all lovely with the gold light of an afternoon sun in the month of October. Of course you're sympathetic. Else wherefore your tender courtesies to the lugubrious and dimly vanishing J. B. Why your affection for the innocent persons who measure out a living with yard-sticks? Don't heart-throbs mean something? I think they do.

Well—that's why I come to you now. I am a miserable man. I am injured. I suffer. Embrace me, will you, O gushing person—dry up my tears, and if you've no particular objection, teach me how to be strong. It's a sublime thing (see the "Psalm of Life") and that's why you must know something about it. For if there's life anywhere, it's in the V. F. Like Orseolo in the play, I invite you: let us take a primary and pious drink and then let us 'cuss together.'

Two facts: I am a bachelor; and this (Tuesday) is the first day of May. I have called it dreadful, and dreadful it is. Let me tell you my sad story. I am no "needy knife-grinder," without any story to tell. Nix. Let me recline on your shoulder and weep on your back. Let me murmur in your attent ear, (were I a nical person I should say it was big enough), and my sorrow will be soothed.

Allons!

It is the fortune (good or evil) of the festive bachelor that he must dwell in lonely and virtuous lodgings. I am a bachelor: I dwell: lodgings are not unknown to me. Neither are the keepers of the same, for that matter, nor the epicurean insect, nor the acquisitive maid, nor quarterly payments, nor—pale thy ineffectual fires while I say it, O long suffering and Hebrew Job,—nor the Dreadful First of May.

At this moment, a homeless and disconsolate vagabond, I think of that Dies Iræ and my lodging that used to be,——

> "And Memory conjures feelings up
> That wine nor music need not swell."

The mansion was in a quiet and faded old street of our own vast and venerable city. I love the old street, silent and dusk, with its classic suggestion of long ago. If there is a little sadness in our sunshine, now and then, it don't hurt us any. And I love the old mansion I found there. I chose it against the solicitations of two hundred and seventy-three families—who answered an advertisement of mine, and expressed an ardent longing for my society. I chose it, and loved it—and then hired it. Cash is more potent than love, sometimes. "Cash rules the grove, and fells it too," said Byron. And if Love won't command lodgings, Cash will—you may be sure. So I got mine and went into 'em. And like a New England lady when she goes out to take tea, I brought my "work" with me—and "took off my things."

The house pleased me. Its vast parlors; its dim, mysterious gloom; its queer staircases: its quaint carvings; its still and cool atmosphere; its sentiment of remembered splendor and of present dignity; all were pleasant. Do you ever moralize over old houses, O friend of my bosom? They are as grand sometimes as the tragedy of that dark King Charles—immortal in history, and on the canvass of Van Dyck—or that of the Spanish monarch who put away his crown and slumbered in death and the cloisters of Yuste.

Well, I entered. A man's house is his castle, quoth I, and this is mine. Bravo the Common Law! (How common now-a-days, to be sure!) My feelings were composed. So were my articles for the printer. Life seemed to me what the great Cobb might designate "a blessed and blissful dream." It would be a mild expression of my feelings were I to say

> "I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls."

There was a queen for my palace—the handsome landlady. There was a daughter, young, pretty and distant—which is how I like daughters to be. Two things only marred my bliss. One was a picture of two kittens, done in variegated worsted. The other was a copy of the Last Supper, from Leonardo da Vinci. Both encumbered my walls. I put out the kittens. The festive cat will do in real life, but kittens in colored worsted are abnormal. I put out the Last Supper. I am sufficiently good-natured, but a supper in Plaster-of-Paris is not a good thing to do. Then all was well. Cerulean Hope immersed me mentally in a perpetual vapor bath, and told me the largest sort of a flattering tale.

But mark the consequence and the conclusion! "The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill" brought round the dreadful First of May; and, O sage and philosopher, it brought "all our woe" along with it.

On the thirtieth of April, at the close of the day, Night descended solemnly over the city. I have observed that it is the custom of Night to do this a little while after sunset on all occasions. On this one it descended with vigor and with clouds. Things were wrapt up generally, and so was the subscriber—in dressing gown and in sweetest thought (about Annie and her grey eyes, of course) when there came a rap at my chamber door. I opened it,—to my handsome landlady, gracious and smiling, and to a very pretty voice announcing in the sweetest possible tone—"I came to tell you that *we move to morrow*." Some people can communicate fearful intelligence with a most pastoral severity of feature. Do you know how it is, O Editor? And do any of the youths know why a pretty woman's voice makes a spoken sorrow sweet in the speaking?

It was late before I slept. Night waned, in the course of hours, into morning. My last night in that sacred chamber! How could I do otherwise than consecrate it to vigils and to dreams. There the old man elegant had laden the air with the honey of his talk and the smoke of his meerschaum; there the Baron had pledged me in a cup of sack, many a time amid the wee small hours; there Jolly George had smoked his pipe and sung those old ballads that bring tears in the heart; there had come the Ancient Mariner with his briny stories of the great deep; there I had kissed a dear little casket—the gift of Carrie Jane—with nothing in it but the memory of love and beauty far away and lost forever. There in fact, was everything to make me keep pious vigil.—The consequence was I overslept myself next morning.

It is a dreadful thing, Venerable Sir, to oversleep yourself on the morning of the First of May. On that morning people have a supernal characteristic. They 'move in a mysterious way.' My own people began on this occasion by waking me with a huge bell.

And now obstinacy and the theory of occupancy took possession of my soul. There was neither habeas corpus nor writ of replevin in the jangling of a bell. I felt this great truth. I was sleepy. I resolved to stay where I was.

> Why should I rise and go away
> Because of the dreadful First of May?
> Why shouldn't I sleep in my lodging, pray,
> Until I was ready to leave it—eh?

Thus thinking, in the simplicity of rhyme, I became a sluggard.

In the course of the next three hours, twenty people respectively made application at my door and vigorous raps upon the same. They beset me for admission and clamored viciously. One of them wanted to take up the carpet; another to get the gas fixtures; a third wished to carry out the furniture; a fourth had special commission for the bed on which I slept; a fifth assured me that drays were at the door; a sixth murmured of the Police and threatened incarceration in the empty house.

So at the end of three hours I capitulated. I rose exhausted, packed my things, and went out for a lodging. Returning after a vain search, I beheld my numerous and weighty packing cases arranged upon a dray and departing with the family chattels. Pursuit was a farce. I retired to a neighboring inn and took the meek drink of resignation. Through what vicissitudes I passed during that dreadful day, it were not well to confess. Towards evening I contemplated a brief joy in the society of gentle Annie. Evening came. With it the necessity of a ward-robe. In the light of beautiful eyes, ancient garments look fearfully real. My coat was seedy. At dinner, a gay Lothario proffered the use of his overcoat. With this my shabbiness might be concealed. Joy possessed me—alas, how premature! Ignorant of my design, forgetful of his promise to loan, Lothario had no sooner finished dining, than he announced his intention of visiting my soul's idol, rose from my side, and coolly walked off to Annie, with the overcoat of concealment on his back. With him Hope went; also malediction. I rushed out in a fine frenzy, and in the rain. Where I slept that night is my own secret. The policemen down by the Battery may tell you if they like. If they give any information as to my present whereabouts, it will be acceptable. I cannot tell myself, because I don't know. But I'm sure you're a good fellow, and I crave your sympathy. Join me in a malediction on the Dreadful First of May! Countless voices will echo it—for countless people are in the same box—and all the glorious company of bachelors will say Amen!

Yours, in virtuous indignation, Jack Stanley.

THE IDEAH!

Augustus Jackson.—Aw see a lettah for Augustus Jackson advertised.

Clerk.—Yes, sir,—cook of the schooner "Dirty Jane"—is that you?

THE RAT MILLENIUM.

Somebody once wrote a famous poem, in which he was very positive on the assertion, that to whatever direction the steps of man tended, Mister Rat followed closely, and that the time would come when that rather objectionable animal would be master of all. Or in other words, that rats would grow to such enumeration, that mankind would be nowhere. We firmly believe that the poet was right, and that the time has arrived. We have within the last few weeks ceased to regard as a fable that highly moral story of some Bishop of the olden time, who, in punishment for refusing to allow the poor full run of his granaries and corn bins, was eaten, body, bones and breeches, by an army of sharp-fanged rats, who swam the river and made short work of his Reverence in the island castle where he had flown for refuge.

Only a few weeks has elapsed since the daintily-fed underground tenants of Jefferson Market prison made a midnight meal on a poor wretch committed under the suspicion of having been taken sick in the street. It undoubtedly served him right, for, as Aminadab Sleek says, if we encourage these fellows, we shall have all kinds of men, getting sick in all kinds of places. Rats therefore should be encouraged in our prisons; by proper management they may be made an important wheel in the great moral machine for the abolition of crime.

In another direction we find rats turned to good account. To the simple and useful end of eating up babies who are born without fathers, and who, without this remedy may become a charge on the public. Could anything be more beautifully practical? We are astonished that the city press should designate the occurrence of the 23rd inst., at Bellevue Hospital, as horrible. The physicians and nurses of that pleasant retreat do not think it horrible, and surely they should know. What better could have been done with the little fatherless babe? To be sure the mother might have been eaten also, but accidents will happen, and "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," for then the charge of both would have been saved to the institution. With what delightful nonchalance does Ellen Linderman, the nurse, tell that she went off to her virtuous couch and left a ward containing twenty beds and twenty patients overrun with rats, all night without attendance! We hope the Linderman slept soundly. "The doctors do not go into the ward unless sent for," says Mr. Daly the Warden. Do they go when they are sent for Mr. Daly? "No effort has been made to get rid of them (the rats) for two or three years," remarks Mr. Daly. A long acquaintance that; no doubt sufficiently long, Mr. Daly, to attach you to the playful creatures. "There were forty caught in a bathing tub last night," lightly observes Mr. Daly. What did you do with them, Mr. Daly? Did you give them a nice fat little baby and send them on their way rejoicing?

"There is no watchman or woman on duty, whose business it is to watch through the night," tells Mr. Daly, in corroboration of the Linderman. Certainly not; what would be the use of a watchman, he would only keep the rats away, and then—there would be more babies.

How glad we are that the Japanese are coming, and that our honest city fathers will take them around to "do" the institutions. We have somewhere read of a grand rat battle and feed, that was got up in the sewers of Paris, an account of which was written by Alexander Dumas. We propose something of the same kind for the amusement of our Japanese guests. In the Parisian case it was in the sewers of Paris, and the feed was on the body of a horse; we will locate our rat feed at Bellevue Hospital, and give them Mr. Daly and the Linderman, with perhaps the least taste in life of a doctor or two. Won't that be fun?

P. S.—Mr. Commissioner Draper has, since the rat feast, contracted with a rat exterminator to get rid of the lively creatures for the sum of $300. We consider this a wilful waste of public money. It would be cheaper far to feed them on babies, and leave more money in the treasury of the Board for a blow-out at the Institutions on the arrival of the Embassy.

THE CHARLESTON BOLT.

We doubt if the terrible Bolts, formerly slung by Jupiter at the heads of sinful and deity-offending mortals, ever struck more terror to their hearts than the recent Bolts, made by the ultra Democrats, at Charleston, have struck to the political hearts of the Douglas men. They could stand the secession of the fire-eaters; they could hardly have expected the extreme South to support such a doctrine as Squatter Sovereignty. Quite the contrary. But when the Mayor of Manhattan Island joined the bolters, and the somewhat important State of New York was lost, ah, what a condition of mind the Douglasites must have been in!

Seriously—if V. F. may be allowed to speak seriously—this bolting business is of much consequence. In flouring-mills, the operation called "bolting" is intended to separate the flour from the husks. The valuable portion goes on, through the conventional process, but what is left has at least the merit of being the true Grit. Will it be so in the great Political Mill of 1860?

The Democratic Party has long been a power in the land. It has waxed and flourished like a large number of unusually green and vivacious bay trees. It has held the reins of government in its right hand—sometimes, it may be, in the wrong hand too—and has been what the street boys rather inelegantly denominate a "big thing."

But the history of governmental legislation proves that splits are fatal to factions. They always were. Splits were fatal to Egyptian parties, under Ramses, or Thothmes, or some of those eminently ancient persons. Likewise, to certain more subsequent Grecian and Roman cliques. The rending asunder of the Halls of Tammany and Mozart is a still more recent proof. Alas! the once grand and gorgeous Democratic Party had become a whited sepulchre, and it is divided against itself. Its days are not so unnumbered as formerly. What may arise, Phineas-like—no, Phœnix-like—from the ruins, we cannot predict as yet; or, if we can, we don't intend to tell.

All that is now required, is a secessionary bolt in the Chicago Convention—a thing by no means unlikely to happen—and the campaign of 1860 will be most cheerfully and wonderfully made. As the valiant and gentlemanly Mudlark of Virginia once observed, "the sequel will demonstrate."

Conventional Joke.

The Southern Democrats are evidently determined to keep the door well closed against Republicanism. Their dead Lock in Congress having failed last winter, they have fixed the matter at Charleston, by a tremendous Bolt!

The Flour of Chivalry.

Heenan—after going through the Mill without Bolting.

Most Daring "Cavalry Charge" on Record.

Clark Mills' $ charge, on his two horses, at Washington.

PLEASANT FOR THE MAN IN THE BOX!

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

(FROM A VANITY FAIR POINT OF VIEW.)

No. 4.

CHAPTER PENULTIMATE.

The lady and gentleman, being fairly up and dressed, are naturally desirous of showing themselves to the social world. To do so advantageously, let them observe the following clear, concise, and eminently practical suggestions.

FIRST:—AS TO ENTERING AND LEAVING A ROOM.

Much depends on first impressions, as the "Champion" said, when he sent his opponent "to grass," at the first blow.

When a gentleman enters a room: He should enter, if possible, by the door. (If the windows reach to the floor, this is not so indispensable) He should enter with his face to the interior, and erect. *Very* odd fellows are occasionally permitted to enter on *all-fours*, but this requires great genius. A man must be a 'decided card' to do it with impunity. He must take off his hat *before* entering. He may either carry it in with him, or leave it in the hall. But if he takes it with him he must not leave it behind. And *vice versa*. If there be a brick in it he had better leave it on his head—outside. After he has entered the room he must reflect that he is in for it, and act accordingly. This is constantly to be borne in mind. The moment he is ready to leave the room, he should go at once. But not sooner. Unless under peculiar circumstances which it is needless to specify. A lady should enter a room also, and more imperatively by the door. Exception: If the door be too narrow, she has two alternatives: To stay outside; or to wait till it grows wider. We will not attempt to dictate her choice in so delicate a contingency; still less to suggest a third remedy, which would indeed, crush all her hoops, to say nothing of her hopes.

Having entered, she may sit down—if she find the furniture convenient. She must "only be able to remain a moment," after which she is at liberty to spend two hours and forty minutes—the two hours being employed in gossip, and the forty minutes in going. In contradistinction to the gentleman, the lady will never leave when she is ready, nor at once. She will remain as much longer as possible. And will not really go till she has gone.

SECOND: OF BEHAVIOR AT TABLE, IN THE STREET, AT PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT, *et al.*

A gentleman at every table should observe three things, viz: first, to eat; second, to drink; third, to eat and drink. He may vary these duties according to circumstances. The circumstances being the quality and quantity of comestibles and fluids. [Exceptions—the card-table, the billiard-table, and his own table. At the last of these, a gentleman's duty is to insist on gorging everybody but himself. At the billiard-table he must take his cue from the hazard of the moment. The etiquette of the card-table is a mere matter of trick.]

The use of the knife, fork, and spoon are incidental, and may be left to the discretion of the individual. That of the tooth-pick, however, is a study, and requires models. We recommend the steps of any fashionable hotel as a studio, between 3 and 7 p.m., where lessons are given, gratis, by distinguished masters.

A lady's behavior at table should be much of a muchness with the preceding, save that she must adroitly conceal her gormandizing and bibulous propensities under a mask of fastidiousness, and skilfully divert attention from her degustatory exploits by a well-sustained fire of small-talk, directed *at* her fair neighbors *through* the male guests. Or, if she is unequal to this strategy, let her take a hearty private lunch just previously. At her own table she must keep apologizing, semi-continually, for the poverty of the fare, and help everybody persistently to what they don't want. Her talk here should be chiefly of incapable domestics, and the terrible trials of a housekeeper. We regret that our limits forbid further dilation on this speciality, at present. But we intend to devote a special treatise, at a future day, to Table Etiquette.

THE STREET.

The chief duties of the gentleman, upon the street, are; to color his meerschaum; to practice the eye-glass drill; and to stare at the females. Also, to take off his hat without ruffling his hair. This is done by gently unscrewing it from the head, after the acquaintance has passed. Wearers of Godenskis are excused from this formality. 'Soits' ditto. The street etiquette for ladies is, gracefully to exhibit—*n'importe quoi* that they possess, worth showing the opposite sex. The more they have, the more of course, &c. This is imperative. But *not*, necessarily, *vice versa*. The street is a feature in the feminine VANITY FAIR. Modesty, timidity, simplicity and the like, must be resolutely overcome as unworthy weaknesses. The most fashionable model, at present, in street *tenue*, of the American lady, is the Parisian Lorette.

These rules apply equally, to the etiquette for all places of public entertainment.

With the addition, at concerts, operas, &c. of a strict observance (by both sexes) of indecorum, by talking, laughing, and creating various other fashionably noisy interruptions to the performance: *Ad lib.*

There is but one more chapter specially called for in our Treatise. This is of the Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage.

Being at present, engaged in a series of experiments upon this branch of our subject, we defer the concluding chapter, until their completion, and herewith adjourn, *sine die*, (which, freely rendered, siguifieth without making a die of it) at our own unanimous request; and remain, in full, your obedt., &c.

VANITY FAIR GOLD-STICK.

Our Currency.

It is exceedingly gratifying for New Yorkers to know that their currency should circulate so freely at the Capitol of the State. For the last month, New York bills, both bank and railroad, have penetrated that virtuous spot, without discount. They have been taken at par both by brokers and broken. We merely mention this little fact to show how kindly the country members are disposed toward this city. They have, with a liberality deserving of the highest commendation, given us railroads in every street, accepting no return but that of being checked through. They have looked after the morals of the citizens with a Sunday Law, and kindly refused to interfere with their health in a sanitary one. Altogether we should be proud of the interest manifested, even though it lacks principle.

Advertisement.

This is to certify that for the purpose of testing the whiskey sold by Mr. Terence O'Flaherty, as the pure Irish Mountain Dew, I have carefully tested samples of the same on each day of the past week. My experiments have extended over a period of time embraced between 9 a.m., and 12 p.m., and have been upon fractions of the quart taken indiscriminately from various barrels. I found it in body stout and strong, though I had little trouble in getting it down, and holding it when down. In specific gravity, it was exceedingly light; the undersigned having been able to carry home large quantities. Up to this time he has not become aware, by these tests, of the presence of any foreign agents, with the slight exception of particles of sugar and minute fragments of lemon-peel. He freely recommends the article to public confidence.

MICHAEL MALDOON,
Chemist.

How a Comic Journal should Live.

By its Wits.

VANITY FAIR,

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HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

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VANITY FAIR

IS ISSUED REGULARLY ON THURSDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single cop.

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